

1485 pp. 9.
LOVE with HONOUR;

OR, THE

PRIVATEER:

A

FARCE

OF

TWO ACTS.



IPSWICH:

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Careless, Father of Goosequill and Ned Careless.

Mr. Freeman, his Friend, and Uncle to Berinthia.

Wormwood, Captain of the Privateer.

Lieutenant Bounce, a bullying Fellow.

Goosequill, a Lawyer, Brother to Careless.

*Ned Careless, } the Surgeon, in love with, and beloved
by Berinthia.*

*Tomson,
Tom. Steerwell,
Will Wilson,
Jack Bowline, } Seamen.*

W O M E N.

Berinthia Lovely.

Melissa, her Friend.

*Polly Swingly,
Jenny Smirkit,
Lucy Plyant,
Nelly Coaxwell, } Girls of the Town.*

Drawer, Attendants, Fidler, Jew, and Sailors.



THE



THE
PRIVATEER.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Tavern.*

NED CARELESS and FREEMAN meeting.

FREEMAN.

Y dear Ned, welcome home.

Careless. Mr. Freeman, yours.

Freeman. Have you been long
arriv'd ?

Careless. Six Hours by this Light.

Freeman. And not yet dress'd.

Careless. As you see ; I expect the
Boat every Moment on Shore, and then gain my dear
Liberty.

Freeman. Is this your Prison then ?

Careless. Ay, and a damn'd one too ; six Hours
Confinement the first Day after a Cruize of six
Months, is Death and the Devil.—Are you for a
Ramble ?

Freeman. No ; at present I have other Business
with you.—Your Father——

Careless. Right, how is the old Man and his dainty
Rib ?

A 2

Freeman

Freeman. All well ; he has heard of your Arrival by a private Messenger, who has been a Spy upon your Actions the whole Cruize ; by his Orders I am now come to tell you, he has reason to believe you are inclined to leave the Sea : if so, I shall advance fifteen hundred Pounds, which, with your own Fortune, will establish you in the World, provided ——

Careless. I become sedate, sober, religious, industrious, and ——

Freeman. Marry *Lucy Tillage*.

Careless. And marry *Lucy Tillage* ?——I am, Mr. *Freeman*, doubly oblig'd to the old Gentleman for his paternal Care.—That he lov'd me, I never doubted ; but that his Affection extended to Eternity, I never once imagined.

Freeman. How ! ——

Careless. As I say ; in a Month's Time my Horns will be as long as the *Britannia's* Topmast, and I shall ride in Heaven among the first Rank of arrant Cuckolds.

Freeman. For Shame, *Ned*. The Lady's Conduct has been hitherto blameless, and her Fortune is Six Thousand Pounds.

Careless. With Six Thousand bad Qualities ; so give me her Money, and do you —— my Dad, or the Devil take the Girl, for I will have none of her.

Freeman. No ? ——

Careless. No : Though she was Mistress of Six Times Six Thousand, she should never be Keeper of my Liberty. I never yet, *Freeman*, was thought a Miser : Money, without Content, cannot purchase Happiness, or sooth the Tortures of a troubled Breast ; and for my own part, though great is my Aversion to Sea, I'd rather run the Hazard of the raging Waves, with all the Dangers of that fickle Element, than trust my Person in the Hands of a damn'd, contentious Woman ; —— but hark ; what Noise is that ?

[a Helloo without.]

Freeman.

The PRIVATEER.

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Freeman. Some of your drunken Crew, I suppose,

Careless. [Looking out.] Right, Roger; the Captain's landed with his Jolly Tritons; leave me, and be assured, that tho' *Lucy* is my Aversion, there is a certain Girl I adore: Another Time I will let you know all; meet me at *Barry's* this Day at Two; till then——

Freeman. Her Name is——

Careless. *Berinthia Lovely.*

Freeman. By Heaven, my Niece! [Aside. Exit. Enter Captain Wormwood.

Careless. My dear Captain, welcome.

Captain. What Cheer, *Ned*? dress and arm; our Arrival and Success has already reach'd *Rotherhithe*; the Wall is lined with strapping Jades and envious Dogs, where Oaths and Prayers blended, fly as thick as Shot the last Engagement.

Careless. No matter; that affects not me; did they see you land?

Captain. They did, and watch'd me here.

Careless. Then, Captain, keep a good Look-out, and I'll withdraw, and if you find them too hard, hoist your Signal, and I'll bear down to you. [Exit.

Captain. As mad and wild as ever,

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, there are several Women beg Admittance.

Captain. Bring a Bowl of Punch, and shew them up.

Drawer. I will, Sir;—Coming, Coming. [Exit.

Re-enter Careless.

Careless. I have engag'd some Musick below; shall I bring them with me?

Captain. You crazy Devil, do as you please.

Careless. Enough; ply the Wenches well with Punch. [Exit.

Enter Drawer, with Jenny Smirkwell and Lucy Plyant, Nelly Coaxwell, and Polly Swingly.

Captain. Well, my Girls, how fares your bonny Hearts? *Polly,*

Polly. Better to see you in good Health.

Captain. Ah; you bold Jade you. Kiss me Huffy; so, that's well done; *Lucy*, thy Looks bespeaks you amorous and bold; *Jenny Smirkitt* is pleas'd her tedious *Lent* is over; and *Nelly* joys the *Speedwell* is return'd. Come, my Girls, all's well on board, without Restraint be seated, and in a flowing Bumper Toast our Owners Healths.

Omnes. Ay, Ay, with all our Hearts.

Nelly. Really, Captain, you have had good Success,

Jenny. Thanks to the Curses of the good People of *Cherry Stairs*.

Lucy. And the sincere Prayers of the Girls at the Hand and Hammer.

Polly. Join'd to the Conduct of the noble Captain and gallant Officers.

Captain. And the intrepid Seamen; Fellows that never knew the Name of Fear. Come, *Polly*, kick the Buckit about; more Drink, but less Chat.

Nelly. Well, but Captain, your last Action it seems was very bloody; they say you lost many Men; pray Heaven my Husband's sav'd!

Lucy. *Jockey*, my bonny *Scot*, I hope escap'd,

Jenny. That's false I am sure: Mine is dead, I hope. (*Aside.*)—*Thompson*, does he live?

Polly. Come, Captain, ease our longing Minds, and let us know who surviv'd that bloody Day.

Captain. All in good Time; *Careless* will be instantly here; to his black List I leave you for the Truth.

Polly. Is *Careless* living? Then I am satisfied. [*Aside.*

Captain. He is, and just the same as when you saw him last.

Enter Careless dress'd, with Musick playing.

Singing.—*In spite of Holland, France, or Spain,
We British Boys, will rule the Main.*

Toll loll loll,

Ha! my Captain, like the Grand Seigneur, engrossing all the pretty Girls. Will you share, or must Blood and Fire be the Words?

Captain.

Captain. Softly *Ned*, look round, there's one will match you.

Careless. What, my *Polly*?

Sings— *With her Arms so white,
And her Eyes so bright.*

Come, for once thou dear Girl, tell me a Lye; hast not thou mourned thy *Neddy's* Absence amidst the griping Landladies of faithless *Napping*, and spent the melancholy Nights with heavy Sighs, and ceaseless Fears, for thy *Edwardo's* Safety?

Polly. No, faith; I took your Advice, indulg'd myself in all the Pleasures of the Season, visited and received Visits as usual, yet neither appear'd too reserv'd, or too free; by which means I escap'd the Censure of being extravagant, or an Hypocrite: The Money you generously left me at your Departure, I managed with the utmost Oeconomy, and there is the Superfluity.

Careless. *Polly*; No draw-back, avast there.—Here, *Captain*, is as honest a Whore as ever liv'd; S'Blood, I'll turn Papist, and have one more Holyday in the Year by Canonizing my Wench for a Saint.

Captain. *Careless*, 'Tis now Twelve. [*Looking at his Watch.*] I dine at the Crown.

Careless. And I at *Barry's*. At Three I'll be here again, by which Time, I suppose, our Agents will be ready. [*Exit Captain.*] My dear Girls, you'll pardon me: I'll order a Dinner, and send for the Boat's Crew; and with Wine, Punch, Musick, and hearty Seamen, endeavour to be merry; if that won't raise your Spirits, the Lord have Mercy on you. [*Runs off.*]

Lucy. The wildest Man I ever knew.

Nelly. Thoughtless of Futurity.

Polly. Not over-stock'd with Religion, I assure you, but generous as a Prince; and yet there is something sits heavy at his Heart, which I have often discovered amidst his affected Gaiety, as the major Part of what you see really is.

Jenny. Some Mistress I suppose.

Polly.

Polly. That I have too much reason to fear; I wish it was otherwise; however, if I lose him, I must submit to Fortune, and comfort myself with the pleasing Thoughts, that whilst he lived with me, he was only mine.

Enter Tomson, Steerwell, Bowline and Willson.

Jenny. Confound it! my damn'd Dog, as I live, [*Aside.*] Oh, my dear Husband, I am overjoy'd to see you safe return'd.

Steerwell. *Jenny*, by the Mefs, how's all at home? Father and Mother well, how's *Dick*? fifty Kisses, my bold Girl, and here's fifty bright Guineas.

[*Gives a Purse.*]

Jenny. Five Thousand, my Dear, without one Piece; believe me, my Dear, had you returned naked and forlorn, you had met with the same kind Reception.

Tomson. That, I believe, is true. [*Aside.*] What a slabbering is here when Man and Wife meet, as though they had been absent six Years.

Jenny. *Tomson*, by *George*! [*Aside.*] Why sure, Blockhead, true Love is not guided by Rules and Orders; thy Wife would have a happy Time on it, if any Woman could be so mad as to marry such a Monster.

Steerwell. Ah *Tomson*, you little know what Pleasure there is with a faithful Wife; I take more delight in gazing on *Nelly's* Face, than on the *Britannia* in full Sail,

Jenny. Let's plague him a little.

[*She runs and throws her Arms about his Neck, whilst Tomson, unperceiv'd behind, takes from her the Purse.*]

Steerwell. So, so, enough; by Heaven, you'll sink me, grappling so close.

Bowline. *Tomson*, there's *Lucy*; tell her I am dead; this *Dutch* Dress will conceal me for a while; if she is true, she's mine, and only mine; if false, then farewell *Phyllida*.

Tomson

Tomson. I am sorry, *Lucy*, at your Misfortune; as my Friend, ever jovial and sincere, made me pass many a stormy Night without Regard, his Death gives me the greatest Concern.

Lucy. Is Jack then Dead?

Tomson. The Doctor, I suppose, has told you.

Lucy. Not a Word, I assure you.

Tomson. Hear me then; Jack and I were fixt at the fourth Gun on the Starboard Side, with two more Men and a Boy, when our Enemy hawl'd up their Courses and pour'd a whole Broadside into us: A Nine-Pounder pass'd through his Body and shiver'd our Boat into fifty Pieces: Damn the Shot! the Yawl was quite new, and row'd or sail'd as well as any Boat in the Fleet. I asked Jack if he was quite dead, but he would not Answer; so I called the Doctor, who found him in a Sea of Blood, and with as little Concern in his Hatchet-Face as a Parish Clerk at a Country Christening, threw him overboard; and to add to my Misfortune, the same Shot stove our Chest and spilt all the Brandy.

Lucy. Poor Soul! I pity him; his death I much lament, and fear I shall never meet a more generous Fellow.

Tomson. Lay it not too much to Heart.

Lucy. 'Tis true, I lov'd him as I did my Soul; but since he's gone, it is too late to vex. His Will and Power I have by me, and that will give me some Comfort, you know.

Tomson. He often vowed, if he return'd he'd marry you; and from his Character of you, and my own ocular Demonstration, I myself will supply the Place of my deceased Friend, and marry you, if you have no Objections to my Person: And our Shares, put together, will fix us in some little Employment, and make us live Happy.

Lucy. You Seamen have such engaging Ways, there's no withstanding you; and since you was Jack's Messmate, if you perform your Promise, I'll not be backward,

ward; for between you and I, we lose so many brave Fellows both by Land and Sea, that we must either look out sharp, or live without a Husband.

Bowline. [Discovering himself] *Lucy*, I wish you Joy.

Lucy. Hah! [Scrieks]

Bowline. Don't be afraid; I am alive, *Lucy*, I am; and find you as honest as your Neighbours, so don't be uneasy. If *Tomson's* your Man I'll be Father; if I am to be your Husband, *Messmate* will do me the same Kindness.

Tomson. No More, I am——

Polly. A new short Way of wooing! this may be justly term'd your Wedding-Day; and if you please I'll give you a Song.

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry

The distant Shore, and long to prove

Still Richer in Variety

The Treasure of the Land of Love.

We Women like weak Indians stand,

Inviting, from our Golden Coast,

The wandering Rovers to our Land;

But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble Vows they first begin,

Stealing, unseen, into the Heart:

But by Possession settled in,

They quickly act another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we resign,

In Ignorance, our shining Store;

Discover Nature's richest Mine,

And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Be wise; Be wise; and do not try

How he can court, or you be won;

For Love is but Discovery;

When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

Nelly. Now, *Will*, give us a Hornpipe.

Wilson. With Pleasure——

*Here a Hornpipe,
Enter*

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Dinner's ready, Gentlemen.

Tomson. Wait six Minutes, we come; a Country Rumble for the Honour of the Speedwell.

Omnes. Agreed. [*A Dance, and Exit.*]

Enter Freeman and Berinthia.

Freeman. I have already told you of my Embassy; let it suffice to say, that he is neither to be governed by Persuasion or Interest; his Will is his only Rule: Obstinacy and Extravagancy seem rooted in his Soul.

Berinthia. What's this to me? the Wretch! I know him not.

Freeman. Is *Careless* then so great a Stranger to our Family? has Six Months quite crazed him from your Memory? ha! you start; but mind me Neice, with some Compulsion I extorted from his Breast, that though *Lucy* was his sole Aversion, there was a Lady he adored.

Berinthia. Whose Name was,——

Freeman. *Berinthia* Lovely.

Berinthia. 'Tis then too late to say I know him not; but hope your generous Temper will excuse the unhappy Error of an artless Maid, who, nothing versed in Man's Hypocrisy, adhered too much to his fallacious Tongue, and credited too soon the ungrateful Wretch's Oaths.

Freeman. Confusion! what do I hear? has he ruined thee.

Berinthia. My Peace of Mind, 'tis true, he has robbed me off; and wish I could forget, tho' all in vain, my Dear Deceiver.

Freeman. Death and Damnation! *Berinthia*, sure you only dream.

Berinthia. For Heaven's sake, moderate your Passion, and hear my Story. When first I saw him in a Country Dress, and, as I then believed, an unaffected Modesty and comely Presence, I seemed to pity such Simplicity of Manners; to this, his generous Temper and engaging Smiles soon changed my Pity to Esteem.

Alas ! I knew not then the Cause, but never was content if *Careless* was not with me. But Oh ! one Morning ; curse on the fatal Day ! with tender Looks and soft bewitching Eloquence, he told me how he loved and yet despaired. I summon'd every Female Virtue to my Breast, and for a While withstood the bold Attempt ; but all in vain : Day after Day, for long succeeding Months, he still renew'd his Vows ; 'till Love and Pity pleaded strong in his Behalf ; and, maugre all my firm Resolves, obliged me to believe his Sufferings true. The Day was fix'd that should have made him mine, when some rash Words prevented our Design ; and though he greatly injured me, so blind was I to all his treacherous Vows, that I at once forgave him ; and the Day again concluded on. When, Lo ! one Morning, musing on my promised Happiness, a Servant brought a Letter ; happy no one was near ; and though his Absence, joined with such Ingratitude, deeply affected me, I yet concealed it from the prying World.

Freeman. Yet still you love him ?

Berinthia. I must confess I do.

Freeman. And shall have Justice done. He knows not our Family ; yet methinks, *Berinthia*, you acted wrong in this Affair, in not acquainting me of it.

Berinthia. And, of consequence, expos'd myself to the whole Town ; for your Passion would have hurried you beyond the Bounds of Reason, and a Quarrel had ensu'd ; whereas no one now knows it, but *Melissa*, who for her own Sake will conceal it ; and Mr. *Careless* has still too much Honour, I believe, to expose himself or me.

Freeman. I am satisfied ; retire—his Father will be with me soon ; and, assure yourself, *Careless* must and shall be only yours. — [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE a TAVERN, discovering *Careless*.

Careless Solus.—*Lucy* with Six Thousand Pounds, or *Berinthia* without six Shillings ; Ay, and much the better

better Bargain; for Thanks to Fortune, this Cruize has brought me four thousand Pounds. Enough in conscience for any honest Apothecary. With this, and my Dear Spouse (when I have got her) will I retire to some Country Town, chop Logick with the Parson, Politicks with the Barber, and bully the Exciseman.

Enter a Servant.

Sir, Mr. Goosequill of Lincoln's Inn begs Leave to speak with you.

Careless. My honest Brother, the Lawyer: Damn his Subtilty; he has heard of my Success, and is willing to have a Finger in my Pye; but by Gad, I'll match him: Shew him up.

Servant — I will, Sir.

Exit.

Enter Goosequill.

Goosequill. Brother, you are welcome to England.

Careless. Brother, you Lie.

Goosequill. You're merry Sir.

Careless. And as sincere as ever I was in my Life.

Goosequill. This Usage is something odd.

Careless. A Miracle! a Lawyer speak Truth: Look you, Sir, when I left you last, I had not one Penny to keep the Devil from dancing a Saraband in my Pocket; you, like an uncommon Pleader, but a Modern Brother, gave me much Advice but not one Farthing; nay, even endeavoured to supplant me in the good Graces of my Uncle; but now, like a true Sycophant, can run four Miles to see a Brother, whom kind Heaven, in six Months, has blessed with four thousand Pounds; but sink me, if you get a Tester. Brother your Servant

[runs off, but meets and returns with

Careless, Sen. and Freeman.]

Careless Senior. Ned, I shall no longer act in the Manner I have hitherto done; instead of Advice, Entreaties, and Persuasions, I shall be obliged to exert the Authority of an injured Parent, and expect a Compliance with my Demands.

Careless Junior. If you'll be seated, good Gentlemen, and drink a Glass of Wine, fifty to one but we agree.
—Come, the Speedwell.

Careless

Careless Senior. With all my Heart; I am far, young Man, from barring you any innocent Pleasures, suitable to your Circumstances and Reputation; but the unhappy roving Course you follow, gives all your Friends the greatest Uneasiness, and me, Afflictions not to be expressed.

Freeman. Believe me, Mr. *Careless*, the World talks very loudly of your Conduct.

Careless Junior. Bless my Friends, and convert my Enemies.

Goosequill. A religious and charitable Wish, Brother.

Careless Junior. When Lawyers follow Religion and practice Charity, 'tis Time for Mariners to hold the Plough.

Careless Senior. Consider, *Ned*, your Welfare has been my constant Study; Fortune has now enabled you to pursue those Schemes I have often laid before you, and which my Necessity, owing to your Extravagances, prevented my putting in Execution.

Careless Junior. Believe me, Sir, I am truly sensible of your Regard; but may the Devil fetch me, if ever I marry *Lucy Tillage*.

Careless Senior. Your Reason, Son?

Careless Junior. I am engaged already.

Careless Senior. To whom?

Careless Junior. A Lady worth Ten Thousand Pounds.

Freeman. What's this? it cannot be *Berintbia* then.

[*Aside.*

Careless Senior. Pursue your Conquest, and Success attend you.

Careless Junior. Then may I depend on your Promise made this Morning by *Freeman*?

Careless Senior. You may, or twice the Sum; but is the Fortune of your intended Lady in Houses or Lands?

Careless Junior. Neither. Her Virtue I value at Five Thousand Pounds; her Industry at Two; and her Religion at Three more: Besides, her Beauty,
good

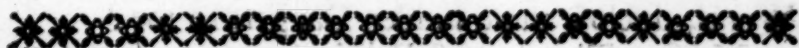
good Nature, lively Wit and janty Air, are Charms not to be express'd, much less ballanced; now you know my Mind. If you approve of such a Lady for a Daughter, I'll roam no more; pardon my abrupt Departure, our Agents by this Time are in waiting; your Answer as soon as possible. Tomorrow I post for Gloucester, and this Night shall be engaged where *Freeman* met me first. [Exit.]

Goosequill. Something must be resolv'd on soon, your Lenity only encourages his Libertinism.

Careless Senior. Your ungrateful Temper, of which I am now convinc'd, bespeaks a Tyrant, not a Brother.

Goosequill. Sir, I submit.

Careless Senior. Come with me, let's discover this Lady, and he has my Consent. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I. A Parlour.

BERINTHIA dress'd in Man's Clothes, and
MELISSA.

Berinthia.

IN this Disguise, I think, he will not know me; if he really loves me, this harmless Frolick will give him some Diversion. If he is false, I am still unknown, and ne'er will see him more. Be you ready with your Part, if Occasion offers.

Melissa. Your Friendship will oblige me to it, but from my Soul I think your Scheme is wrong. Should the perfidious Villain once discover your Disguise, the small remains of Love (if he has any) will be turned to Scorn, and you be made a perfect Jest.

Berinthia. I fear it not.

Melissa. Nay more; who knows but in his wanton Airs, among his drunken Crew and vicious Dames, his Vanity may make him boast of Favours he has ne'er received: For when a Woman makes one Step beyond
beyond

beyond the bounds of Modesty, her Virtue is censured to Eternity, and all her Fame irreparably lost.

Berinthia. I must confess, my Dear, your Observation just, and that the Step I make is somewhat dangerous; but sure, in Love, with all my Happiness at Stake, some small Allowance may be made.

Melissa. Should he by Chance discover you, tho' in that dark Disguise; who knows to what a Height his brutish Rage may carry him?

Berinthia. Will not my Uncle's Presence be a Guard sufficient?

Melissa. No; for when a specious Villain uses Honour like a Glove, he will not stick at Murder, Theft, or Sacrilege, to gain his cursed Designs.

Berinthia. *Melissa*, you are too warm.

Berinthia. Not when *Berinthia's* Honour is at stake.

Berinthia. Why did not *Freeman*, who has seen the World, disclose those hidden Dangers to me?

Melissa. The greatest Politician may be sometimes over-reach'd, and the most wary Guardian nod.

Berinthia. What would you have me do?

Melissa. Let this fantastick Fancy drop, and leave the Town; if that ungrateful Wretch (which I can scarce believe) has the least Affection left, he'll soon pursue; if not, a solitary Life will soon craze him from your Mind.

Berinthia. Thus either Way I shall be——

Melissa. ——Happy.——Did you but know, *Berinthia*, the Pleasure a Woman feels in seeing a Lover obsequiously attend where'er she goes, you'd not hesitate to leave this idle Scheme, but shew yourself a Woman of superior Merit.

Berinthia. In being a Prude.

Melissa. Stupidity! Your Ignorance will be your Ruin. Excuse my Freedom, Madam; but had I Careless in my Chains as firm as you believe he is in yours, I'd make his Heart's Blood ake; and for his last injurious Usage, lead him such a Dance, as slighted Charms and sweet Revenge could fire me with.

Berinthia.

Berinthia. Of those Affairs, I must confess, I am ignorant; and would not change my low Stupidity, for your superior Merit; since that alone consists in finding new-invented Tortures to afflict Mankind.

Melissa. And must we then contentedly submit to Man's Ingratitude, and not look up?

Berinthia. A Medium may be found: *Berinthia* would not yet be trampled on.

Melissa. A Medium for neglected Love! Great Heaven, excuse my Heart! *Berinthia*, didst thou know the World, or was I bless'd with Youth and Beauty as thou art, I'd make expiring Nobles lye beneath my Feet, and lick my Chariot Wheels.

Berinthia. Affected Grandeur but ill suits my Birth.

Melissa. So the poor Turtle skims along the Gsound, whilst the young Eagle soars above the Skies.

Berinthia. Ha! ha! ha! really, *Melissa*, I think you would make an excellent Princess in a Tragedy.

Melissa. You are merry, Miss. But I must beg Leave to tell you, that once I had my Admirers.

Berinthia. And led them such long Dances, that, quite tired, they left you to the wide World.

Melissa. You're too censorious.

Berinthia. And would have me likewise waste my small Stock of Beauty in an idle Dream, and rail at all Mankind, when grown old, because I'm scorn'd deservedly when young, and call'd Coquette.

Melissa. These Airs are not becoming one of your Youth.

Berinthia. Nor those one of your Age.

Melissa. Madam!

Berinthia. Let me have none of those Humours; you are placed by my Uncle as a Companion, not a Governante.

Melissa. Your boistrous Tar will soon, I hope, remove me from that Post.

Berinthia. Such another Word, and you shall find that I have yet Spirit enough to revenge an Injury,

by informing my Uncle of your imperious Usage.

Melissa. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*] If my Regard for your Person, and Mr. *Freeman's* Family, has hurried me beyond the Bounds of Reason, I ask your Pardon.

Berinthia. I am always ready to forgive a Fault, but not resent an Injury. I see my Uncle and *Careless*. I must join them. Adieu. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *A Tavern.*

Discovering Lieutenant Bounce, Tom Steerwell, Jack Bowline and Will Wilton, with other Sailors, Smoking and Drinking.

Bounce. A Pox of the Times! say I. Tho' Hell broke loose, and dancing Devils, with flaming Firebands, opposed my Will; I wou'd break through all, and make those haughty Frenchmen know my Power.

Steerwell. Well said, Captain; for such I wish you. Had you had the Command, we had done much better. But I know what I know.

Bowline. You know——What the Devil do you know more than another?

Wilton. Ay, Ay, we all know that Merit is not rewarded; for rot me, if there was another Seaman in the Ship besides myself; and though I did all the Duty fore and aft, was no more respected than *Bell Swagger* the Cook.

Bounce. Look, my Lads, here is Money, if you want. Drink away, D——n him that flinches, say I. What! because the Cruize is finished, are we to be Strangers? See here (*shews a Purse,*) all private Plunder! and though I might have kept the Whole, I love to show myself a Man of Honour, and share my Store among my Brother Mariners.

Steerwell. See there my Lads! there is no Ambition, no Pride! all kind and pleasant as a Southern Gale!

Bowline. May our Ship miss Stays every Tack, if I had not rather be a Swabber in an *Irish* Fishing Boat with

with Lieutenant *Bounce*, than Lieutenant of the *London* with Captain *Fireball*.

Bounce. Drink, my Lads, drink it off; I'll go to the Pump. Where the Devil is the Musick and Wenches? but mind me, my Boys, sink me, if *Careless* is not a Scoundrel, *Wormwood* an Ass, and *Sirapply* a mere Buffoon; for they neither know how to navigate a Ship, fire a Musquet, or dress a green Wound.

Omnes. Damn'd Dogs! Unworthy the Bread they eat.

Steerwell. But what say you to little *Rampantus*?

Bowline. Ay, that King of the Crickets.

Wilson. There's your Man, a pretty, little, dapper Fellow.

Bounce. So, so, something of the better Sort; but 'sBlood, he has no Taste; Tea and fine Company best suit him. Give me a Fellow that loves Beef and Potatoes for Breakfast, and will slack his Thirst with a Gallon of good Bumbo. D—n your Cabbin Gentry, with their Green Tea, Rice Puddings, boil'd Fowls, and Neats Tongues!

Wilson. But yet——

Bouree. True, he was a Man fit for our Turn, easy to be impos'd upon; for a short Pipe, a Cann of Flip, and half a Dozen good Oaths, would persuade him to keep his Middle Watch, tho' he had no more Business with it, than *Tomson* with Religion.

Wilson. *Wormwood* with a Wife.

Bowline. Or *Careless* to see a Ship rigg'd.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Steerwell. Here's Captain *Bounce*'s Health, with three Cheers; and if I see among you a single Mouth that does not open, I'll make a Passage down his Throat with my Hanger. Mind when I give the Word; is the Pipe ready? Now

[they Whistle]

Omnes. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Bounce. Gentlemen, I thank ye; and to return your Friendship, I'll tell ye, though I beg you will be secret.

Omnes. Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes.

Bounce. In three Weeks I go Commander of a forty Gun Ship, Mann and Rigg as I please, and to nominate my own Officers without controul of our Merchants : Now, my Lads, if you are willing to try your Fortunes once more, I'll prefer you according to Merit.

Steerwell. Let me be First Lieutenant ; I will follow you to H—ll.

Wilson. You Lieutenant ! Avas't there. No, I will be Lieutenant ; and Captain, he shall be Colonel of Marines.

Bowline. Yes, with the Pox, that neither knows how to fire a Gun, or stand upon Deck without holding. Look, Captain *Bounce*, mind me ; I say, I will be First Lieutenant ; *Wilson* shall be Second ; for tho' he can neither write English, take an Observation, or keep a Reckoning, he will be an excellent Fellow to over-hawl a Ship, or go on any slavish Business ; and *Steerwell* shall be Purser.

Steerwell. Why so, Monkey ?

Bowline. Because your Face shews the Thief, and your Conscience will not blush at cheating a poor Fellow ; by which Means, we in the Cabbin shall feed luxuriously, whilst the Foremast-Men starve.

Steerwell. Call me Rogue again, and I'll Pistol ye—

Bowline. Such another Word, and H—ll's your Portion. [Draws.]

Steerwell. Ah ! Ah ! Are you for that Sport, noble Lieutenant ? Come on. [Draws.]

Bounce. No quarrelling ; sheath your Swords, or I will split your Noses, Curse me. To end the Dispute, you shall cast Lots, since your Merit is equal ; which Method generally turns out better for the Cruize and Crew, than when Officers are strongly recommended ; for such Fellows never prove touch to the Characters given of them.

Omnes. Agreed——

Bounce.

Bounce. Hark ! I hear the Musick ; let's join them ; but be silent, and assured, that in a Month's Time we will return with Prizes worth a hundred thousand Pounds. Follow me—— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

CARELESS, FREEMAN, and BERINTHIA.

Careless. I have already told you how I lov'd, and where I fled ; and though the World may justly censure such imprudent Conduct, yet, when impartially examin'd, methinks, the injured Party, even *Berinthia* herself, would mitigate my Punishment.

Freeman. If you would yet recover her Esteem, it must not be in such a frantick Mood.

Careless. Look ye, *Freeman* ; *Berinthia*, lovely as she is, is still a Woman : And though every social Virtue blended meet in her, I must be cautious how I act. She cannot yet hear of my Arrival, and I have dispatched some Emissaries to see how Affairs stand, and like a stout General, examine the Strength of the Fort before I attack.

Freeman. Those Cautions, *Careless*, are superfluous.

Careless. Not at all ; for her Temper is such, that all the tender Speeches, or sincerest Vows, will never break a Resolution she has once made.

Berinthia. Never, Sir ? Fortune helps the bold.

Careless. She may, perhaps, to broken Bones.

Berinthia. You are the coldest Lover I e'er knew.

Careless. *Freeman*, your Friend does not know me. (*Aside to Freeman.*) Not so, young Gentleman. Allow I was a Flame of Fire, of Consequence I must dispatch a Messenger with a Letter full of Sighs and penitential Prayers ; and e'er she has Time to read it o'er, I enter, throw myself before her, on my Knees, and with a Scrap of *Ovid*, and some Tragedy Speeches, implore Forgiveness, and entreat for Pity.

Berinthia. Which will be granted as soon as asked.

Careless. No, No ; sensible of her Power over me, she will exert it with the utmost Force, and pay me back

back my innocent Ingratitude with ample Interest ; but here I swear, I'll not approach her 'till I see what private Messages and active Agents have performed.

Freeman. Allow the Dangers great as those you paint ?

Careless. If they are so, which Heaven forbid ! I will assume this wonted, tho' affected Gaiety ; and tho' incessant Anguish broods around my Heart, I'll check its Rage, and hide it from the prying World.

Berinthia. If I don't match you for that, hang me.

[*Aside,*

Careless. Sings. *Of all the Things beneath the Sun,
To love's the greatest Curse.*——

Well ! in my Mind, there is no Creature living makes so despicable a Figure as a modern Lover : For, what with consulting the Glass, Singing, Dressing, writing Billet-deux, and exposing their Folly, and their Dulcinea's Names on every Window, they have not Time to use one pious Ejaculation.

Freeman. You are happy, who can be in Love, and yet at once condemn its Pains, yet moderately enjoy its Pleasure.

Careless. To act as a passionate Lover, and regain the Favour of a Lady once lost, requires more Time and Assiduity than I can afford.——[*Enter Servant and gives a Letter.*] A Letter ! *Wormwood's* Hand !——[*opens it*]——How's this ? Married——*Friendly*——*Melissa*——Wedding——*Wormwood*——D—nation ! But down, down, Heart, no struggling when *Freeman's* near.

Berinthia. It works as I could wish. [*Aside.*

Freeman. You seem uneasy, *Ned* ; no Accident, I hope ?

Careless. Accident, no, no, read there——*Tol. lol.*

Freeman. [reads] Dear *Ned*, *Berinthia* this Day marries *Friendly*, and I have Orders from *Melissa* to bid you to the Wedding. Yours *Wormwood*.

Careless. Now, tell me, *Freeman*, what Method shall I take ?

Freeman

Freeman. I Go, without Concern, and be a Father.

Careless. Confusion ! could you find no other Post ?
I beg you will not trifle with my Passion ; know you
this *Friendly*, Sir ?

Berinthia. I oft have seen him, Sir, and heard
Berinthia say, his Charms alone could sooth her tor-
tured Breast ; and with a modest Pleasure boast the
Conquest she had made.

Careless. Hell and Furies ! is it possible ?

Berinthia. You are too hot, I dare not tell you
half I know.

Careless. Proceed my Friend ; and though eternal
Ruin seize my Soul, at every Word you speak, I'll
be as calm as new-born Babes are innocent.

Berinthia. Long ere I knew who *Careless* was, I
heard his Name the common Jest of *Friendly* and *Be-
rinthia*. The amorous Youth, in gentle Dalliance,
leaning on her Lap, would beg the lovely fair One
to repeat the Lubber's Passion, and the Sea Gull's
Compliments ; then, with a hideous Grin, pity the
poor Wretch, and wish him a successful Voyage.

Careless. By Heaven, I'll not believe it,

Berinthia. This is too much, yet I must on. [*Aside*]
Be still a credulous Wretch. Nay, more, I have heard
her say, she thought *Ned Careless* would make a com-
pleat *British* Husband ; and that Seamen were excel-
lent Tools to maintain a Lady and her Gallant, in
Splendor, Gaiety, and Mirth.

Careless. Villain ! you Lie ; she did not, dar'd not
speak it ; or prove thy Words, or by this Light, I'll
drive my Sword through thy wretched Heart.

Berinthia. Oh ! Heaven assist me. [*Runs off.*]

Freeman. How *Ned* : Is this your Calmness ? your
Serenity ? for Shame, my Friend, let Reason mode-
rate your Zeal, and be not hurried on by every Start
of brutish Rage.

Careless. Preach Patience to the D——'d, I'll have
none on't, Monster, Sea-Gull, Brute, Confusion !
Shall the brave Defenders of your Isle be made the
Jests

Jests of beardless Boys, and painted Jezebells? No! by that Deity which rules our Element, when first I meet that Youth, her favourite Minion, my Sword shall give me just Revenge, and free the World of such a Dog. But for her,——ah!

Freeman. Whom you confess you injur'd first.

Careless. Hah!——

Freeman. Start not, my Friend, nor let impetuous Passion drive you to a Madness; remember, 'twas Ambition, Pride, and Poverty, which raised this Tumult in your Breast.

Careless. Alas, my *Freeman*!

Freeman. Be satisfied; a Method may be found to conquer her Disdain, and make you happy still.

Careless. Oh! never! never! shall I see that peaceful Day!

Freeman. You shall, Oh! here comes *Wormwood*.

Enter Wormwood.

Wormwood. *Careless*, how now? why all this Rage? Sword drawn.

Freeman. A little Jealousy, that's all.

Wormwood. I met *Friendly* this Minute, he begg'd I would fly to pacify my Boreas, lest the Storm should overset his small Bark of Reason; and left me with a loud Laugh.

Freeman. Now must I withdraw. [*Aside.—Exit.*

Careless. Who? *Friendly*! when? where? how?

Wormwood. Did not he part from you this Minute?

Careless. No, I never saw him.

Wormwood. Who was that Man *Freeman* brought?

Careless. A Man whose Name, and Face, I am an utter Stranger to.

Wormwood. Why, that was *Friendly*.

Careless. How's this *Freeman*? hah! gone too! then I am betrayed; betrayed, even by the Man I loved, and before *Friendly*. My greatest Enemy I made my greatest Confident, and owned my Folly, and my Passion, to a happy Rival. Can any Man be more compleatly curst? but if I am not reveng'd,
may

may the first Blast of Wind sink me, your Ship, and Crew, to the lowest Pit of Perdition.

Wormwood. The Matter Ned?

Careless. Your Letter. *Berinthia's* false; and *Friendly* is the happy Man, that robs me of her Charms. But hah! by Heaven they come this Way; and to insult me, I suppose, as I could wish: Fortune, this once assist my Arm; and let me crush the Minion in her View; and I'll forget all former Miseries, and laugh at Fortune's Woes.

Wormwood. What! in this publick Place? The Crowd will quickly gather round you, and, maugre all your malicious Wishes, frustrate your Design.

Careless. Be silent, Father.

Wormwood. What! Madman! see, there are several Friends attending her.

Careless. Though all the Devils from the Deep surround him, I'll find a Way to reach his Heart. With Musick too! oh brave! I'll soon put that out of Tune. *Wormwood*, now prove yourself my Friend; be ready to assist, or leave me to my Fate.

Wormwood. I never yet forsook a Friend when Danger was at Hand.

Careless. Then let's withdraw.— [They go aside.]

MUSICK playing, Enter FREEMAN; BERINTHIA, MELISSA, and Others.

CARELESS seizes BERINTHIA, and both draw.

Careless. Villain! thy Wedding Day!—thy last!
Berinthia. I fear you not.

Freeman (interposing.) Hold your frantick Hand.

Careless. Thou Wretch, withdraw, or by my Soul, not all our former Friendship, or thy Age, shall ought avail, to stop my Sword from reaching *Friendly's* Bosom through thy subtil Carcass.

Enter Careless Senior.

Careless Senior. Hah! What Fire and Sword! at Your old Tricks Ned? cutting and slashing? These
D bloody-

bloody-minded Surgeons take great Delight in killing Men first, and then pickling them.

Careless Junior. Examine first, and then condemn. See there the Slave, who robs me of my Happiness; and there the Inconstant fair One: And yet, I only Talk, when every Word the longer robs me of my dear Revenge. Now *Friendly* to thy Heart.

Careless Senior. What Means the Boy? that *Friendly* never injur'd you.

Careless Junior. Nor this *Berinthia*, I suppose. Well may'st thou hide thy Face, to screen thy guilty Beauty from the World.

Melissa (*throwing off her Hood.*) What have I done to merit such Barbarity?

Careless Junior. What do I see!

Berinthia (*discovering herself.*) Or when was *Friendly* guilty of those heinous Crimes?

Careless Junior. Sure I do but Dream!—*Berinthia* and *Melissa*!

Omnes. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Careless Senior. What! Dumb and Dead! where's now your Rage? What! not kill him yet?

Careless Junior. (*throwing his Sword away, and falling on his Knees.*) Thou much-wrong'd injured fair One, forgive the impetuous Fury of a Wretch, whose Rage arose from Love and Jealousy.

Careless Senior. (*Stepping him.*) Come, Come; get up: Madam, your Hand; ——— present it to my Rake; and for his good Behaviour I'll be Bondman.

Berinthia. My Heart he had before.

Careless Junior. Now am I blest indeed! ———
Melissa too, I hope, will pardon me.

Melissa. On your Promise of Amendment, Sir.

Wormwood. Nor will your Uncle *Freeman* lay behind.

Careless. *Freeman* her Uncle!

Freeman. I am, and Guardian to her; and to prevent Confusion, I forget all Errors past, and thus confirm the Match; (*joining their Hands*) and as a Portion

tion for my Niece, I will instantly advance a thousand Pounds, and settle, at my Death, my small remaining Fortune on you both.

Careless Junior. Between Astonishment and Joy, I know not what to say or do. Come, my Dear, let not the Thoughts of my leaving you again disturb your peaceful Hours; allow me but one harmless Frolick more, and then I am only yours.

Berintbia. I never shall oppose your Will.

Careless Senior. Madam, you have wrought a Change I have often wished for, but look'd on as impossible; and, I believe he'll perform his Promise. And tho' your Merit is sufficient to reclaim the greatest Libertine; for fear of any Relapse, I deposite these Papers in your Hands: They are the Will and Writings of his late deceas'd Uncle, who bequeath'd him Five Hundred Pounds per Annum when he came to be Thirty Years of Age; and till which Time I should have had the Interest; but now 'tis yours; act as you think fit.

Berintbia. I never can enough acknowledge your Goodness; nor shall I hesitate, but leave so great a Charge in the keeping of the Man that's Master of my Person.

[giving him the Papers.]

Careless Junior. Thou generous Girl! I'll study to deserve your Favour: 'Tis now beyond the Power of Fortune to add one Tittle to my Happiness. My Friends, I beg you will follow me. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE A Tavern.

Discovering Lieutenant Bounce, Crew, and Girls, with Musick playing.

Bounce. That Point is settled then, Let Pleasure now become our only Thoughts, Tom, give us a Song.

Steerswell. With all my Heart. [Sings the old Song, with Chorus throughout.]

How pleasant a Sailor's Life passes, &c.

Bounce. Yoo ho ! Drawer, more Punch, Wine, and Beer.

Steerwell. Bring me a Quart of the best Gin Flip.

[*Drawer without.—Coming, Coming, Sir.*]

Bowline. This Fidler makes as curs'd a Screaming as a Plough-Man's Wife with ten Brats.

Wilson. No wonder, for he is as drunk as ten thousand Topsail-Sheet Blocks ; and did not the Wall support him, he would want Ballast to keep him steady.

Bowline. Tom, let's set him adrift.

Steerwell. A Match. **Wilson.** bear a Hand and Turn to. Are you ready ?

Wilson. Ay, Ay. Tom to the Helm. She's away.

Steerwell. Luff, Luff, so, thus now, now thus ; d——n her, she flies off, and answers the Helm no more than a *Chinese Junk*.

Wilson. **Bowline,** let run the Topsails, or you'll carry the Mast away.

Steerwell. Bear a Hand, and get the Lee Guns to windward, or by the Mels she'll over.

Bowline. 'Tis now too late, for see, she's gone!

[*He throws the Fidler down, which breaks his Fiddle.*]

Bounce. Rot your fooling. Help him up : His poor Crowd is gone.

Bowline. Then there is five Guineas to buy another.

Enter a Jew with a Box;

Vat you please to buy ? Necklaces, Buckles, Sciffars, Fans, Handkerchiefs ; all Sorts of fine Ware, cheap and coot.

Tomson. Let's see. [*The Men gather round the Box and buy several Things, with which they treat the Women.*]

Jenny. **Bounce** is quite Seas over. This Silk Handkerchief, will, I think, as well become my own Neck as his.

Enter

Enter Carelets Senior and Junior, Berinthia, Melissa, and Wormwood.

Wormwood. What Cheer, ho !

Tomson. Hush, the Captain.

Ned Careless. Who's that ?——*Bounce ?*

Bounce. The same. Who the Devil have we here ? more Agents ?

Careless. No, my Friends ; and among the rest, my Wife.

Bounce. Married ! The Devil you have !

Wormwood. Not the Devil, *Bounce*, but a Woman.

Careless. Well, my Lads, I hope you have found the Girls kind and faithful at your Return.

Bounce. Yes, Curse them ; and will continue so, no doubt on't, whilst we are flush of Money.

Enter Drawer and Attendants, with various Sorts of Liquors.

Drawer. Gentlemen, my Master will send up no more Liquor without ready Money.

Careless Junior. Be gone, you Rascal. [*Exit Drawer.*]

Bounce come hither. It is to me surprizing, that your chiefeft Pleasure is to aggrandize yourself among the common Fellows ; You may enjoy their Friendship and Fidelity, without making them your Companions, or placing them in the same Rank with yourself ; a Medium will preserve their Esteem, and command proper Respect. I shall now quit the Sea, and pass by your Hypocrisy ; but be cautious for the future, how you spirit up a Pack of Rascalls, who are naturally fond of Novelty, by censuring the Conduct of your superior Officers, to act outrageously ; to the Hazard of spoiling a well-concerted Cruize. For, assure yourself, that such Villainy will always come to Light ; and remember, that amidst your haughty Carriage, and deceitful Tricks, you have neither Spirit to resent an Injury, or Heart to draw a Sword. *Polly*, come here, take this, and retire ; I am now another's, but will never

never see you want. Gentlemen, I'll defray the Expences of the Day and Night.

Wormwood. And, in return, I dare say, every honest Tar will readily acknowledge his Gratitude, by favouring the present Company with a Dance.

[*Here a Dance.*

Careless. I think you see there, my dear *Berinthia*, the Pleasures of a Mariner; when rich, they give a loose to Joy; when poor, are still contented; and, barr a roving Thought, the World rubs on with them in one perpetual Calm; Tho' often to be pitied, they are seldom to be envied. I loved it once, but now, the constant Study of my future Days, shall be to please my charming Angel,

*Let bold Adventurers ravage France or Spain,
In quest of Wealth, and triumph o'er the Main;
Without Regret, behold the Clouds arise,
And certain Ruin skim before their Eyes:
Whilst here, secure, I ride the Storms of Life,
Blest with so kind a Friend, and faithful Wife.*

[*Exeunt Omnes,*

F I N I S.

